

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Pretty Little Whores"

I'm like Jesus to you  
Rapping to me is like breathing to you  
In second nature but someone had to teach it to you  
The flow is hard like a Roman statue  
I'm in the zone like Tony Rome holdin' chrome go in the back you  
You're goin' one on one with Vinnie Paz  
A chubby ghini with a mini mag gimme' henny slimmy bag  
And that's why AOTP is tied sick  
Cuz ya'll, ya'll all overrated like Mike Vick  
An ice pick through you're fuckin' frontal lobe  
Jedi Mind and Outerspace about to run the globe  
So you should be prepared cause' it's apocalyptic  
I'll be the first one on the battlefield to cock a biscuit  
You in on the statistic, just a motherfucking crab-rapper  
Lyin' on the floor, why did I get stabbed, rapper?  
And ya'll are old enough to see Pigeon  
It's Vinnie Pazienza with my mother fuckin cousin DTOP

[?]

We don't aim to please; we in the squeeze just to break your knees  
Leave you cryin' like a bitch if you don't take it ease  
Leave you dyin' like the snitch just to quick the ease  
(All the pretty little whores)  
I'd expect numerous nights, movin the mics, adrenaline rush  
Move to the left, move to the right  
So much henny backstage I started losin' my sight

So don't run me up with no dumb shit  
The fuel ignites, venomous spray, Sixteens headin' your way  
And if I want you dead in June you surrender in May  
Black guys and black moons when we enter the stage  
These feral bones break forever and forever decay  
The catacomb could pretend that this couldn't weather the storm  
I'm in the zone, tough as leather where content is the swarm  
If it's my home, it's whatever let the weapons be drawn  
I let your dome be the center of a traitorous poan  
Ya'll ain't close to clever so watch your words  
Or ya'll goin' to be exposed forever as a knocked-out herb  
Ya'll fake pussy pomes, ya'll got a lot of nerves  
Open your mouths once again, you're gonna eat the curb  
Fuck it

[?]

We don't aim to please, we in the squeeze just to break your knees  
Leave you cryin' like a bitch if you don't take it ease  
Leave you dyin' like the snitch just to quick the ease  
(All the pretty little whores)  
Outerspace

Ya'll are like bitches, I talk vicious  
Your walk switches and everything you spit is foul  
My shit's ridiculous nigga  
Every word disturbed from the hood to the 'burbs  
All my thoughts absurd  
That's why we chalk up herbs  
Every syllable makin' them pull their skirt up  
Rhymes is like rims I poke 'em out into the curb up  
Son, you better roll when I'm rappin'  
Every [?] of straight bullet you bitches are straight tap dancin'  
We get it crackin' like coke back in the '70s  
It's 2005 nigga, crack open the hennas now  
We allowed to say and do whatever  
So whenever you want it bring it nigga, we do it better  
And the reason that I know you a prostitute  
You snitched, sold your soul and it wasn't for a lot of loot  
I gotta boot and it fit in your ass  
Truly you're as planetary, put your flags at half-mass

[?]

We don't aim to please, we in the squeeze just to break your knees  
Leave you cryin' like a bitch if you don't take it ease  
Leave you dyin' like the snitch just to quick the ease  
(All the pretty little whores)